

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 25.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 649.

THE RUINS OF ST. OSWALD.

[CONTINUED.]

"OH! for pity's sake," said Ellinor, "give me some food! I am almost famishing for want!"

Surprized at this strange request, they led her to their devoted meal, where inattentive to all around, she began to satisfy her appetite, while they retired to some distance, and discoursed among themselves. When she had eat sufficiently, the rose, and thanked them gratefully: but one of the men, approached rudely, caught her in his arms, saying—

"Stay, stay, my pretty one; you have not yet paid your reckoning."

She put her hand in her pocket; they all laughed so loud, that, mortified and distressed, she burst into tears, and begged they would permit her to pursue her journey.

"So you shall, sweet one," said he who appeared the chief, "but it must be our road. Here, Carlos," calling to one who stood aloof, "bring our horses, and let us face our barracks; we'll have no more forage to-night; better game is sprung."

When Ellinor understood their intentions, she fell on her knees, and entreated them to spare her.

"Spare you, my charmer!" replied the man: "never fear; we'll not use you ill. Come with us, and you shall live like a princess!"

He then, in spite of all her tears and entreaties placed her upon his horse, and, throwing a strap round her, with which he buckled her on, he rode off with her at full speed.

Alfred's increasing dejection of spirits greatly alarmed the Countess: she saw her darling son consuming his youth under the influence of a hopeless passion, unless, by discovering a secret she wished to remain such, she could appeal to his reason. Yet—could she teach him to execrate the author of his being? The Count was still her husband—the father of her children!—But he was also the father of Ellinor!—Afflicting thought!—But for that, all might have been well. The conflict of her mind was not of long duration. A letter arrived by a carrier: on the superscription she recognized the hand writing of the Count. She eagerly tore it open—it was from himself—entreating her to fly to him: stating, that he had been dreadfully wounded by some banditti; desiring her to bring her children with her, as he had a confession to make, before his approaching dissolution, which was of material import; directing her to search in the Ruins for an ill-fated victim of his perfidy.

Adelaide well knew to whom he alluded, and hesitated not to fly, and cheer by her presence the bed of sickness.—At such an awful period, all animosities were buried in oblivion. Again she resorted to the letter, and, to her infinite astonishment, found it dated from the Castle de Lanville.—Involuntarily she uttered an exclamation of surprise; but recollecting the presence of the messenger, dismissed him, with an assurance of her immediate compliance with the desire of her husband.

Every thing was got ready with all possible speed for their departure, and they soon reached the Castle, without having met with any obstruction. The Countess instantly repaired to St. Oswald's apartment, and was inexpressibly shocked to behold that once fine form reduced to a mere emaciated skeleton. He stretched his withered hand to the Countess, exclaiming—

"Ah! Adelaide, I am unworthy this kind attention!—I have behaved to you as a villain!—to others also:—but if the sincere repentance of a dying monster can atone—"

He seemed choked with emotion—then, raising his head, he looked impatiently round the room, but not perceiving the object of his search, he said—

"Where is she?—you have not brought her!—But 'tis well—I feel I could not have borne it. Oh! forgive—and I will confess all."

The Countess interrupted him—"Spare yourself the painful retrospection—I know all—I love your Ellinor next to your Louisa;—but her mother is dead."

He hid himself beneath the bed-clothes, and groaned inwardly—"Oh!" said he, "that was a deep piece of infamy!—But my father did it—His ambition was my destruction, and you were, with the unfortunate Clementine, the deluded victim!—But my death will expiate all. Yet you know not the extent of my depravity! This Castle, your rightful inheritance, has long been the residence of—a Woman, shall I call her?—No!—no!—no!—A Fiend!—My neglect of you was owing to this abandoned connection. But the day of retribution is arrived. Omnipotence is just; and the wretch who caused my sin was the promoter of my punishment—the robbed and deserted me. In pursuit of her I received these wounds, which are by the surgeon pronounced mortal. Your kind forgiveness has soothed my anguish. Indeed, my Adelaide, you were ever dear to me: merit like your's could never become an object of dislike; but I was deluded by the enticements of pleasure, and had not strength of mind sufficient to resist its baneful influence—But, where are my much-wronged children?"

The Countess led them to his bedside; he extended a hand to each, and embraced them with transport. He again looked round.

"I see," said the Countess, "what your delicacy would hide from me: you seek your Ellinor. Alas! she is no longer with us." She then related all that had passed, not omitting the unhappy attachment existing between her and Alfred, who stood in mute astonishment at the discovery she thus made.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the Count: "the sins of the father are, indeed, visited upon the children. Oh! my Adelaide, do not hate my memory!"

The exertions the Count had made in the last hour so totally overcome him, that he fell into repeated fainting fits, from which he only recovered to embrace his wife and children and expired.

The Countess was sensibly affected. She had formed hopes that he might yet live, and, by the

future piety of his life, in great measure atone for his past transgressions; and the repentant manner in which he died rekindled in her bosom those sparks of tenderness which she had long thought to have been extinguished.

After the funeral, she directed her whole thoughts to the welfare of her children, and perceived with pleasure that Alfred now, from a sense of his duty, was become reconciled to his fate. But, notwithstanding, the image of his Ellinor unceasingly disturbed his repose, and all his efforts were ineffectual totally to eradicate it.

The Countess now resolved to continue wholly at the Castle. Scenes ever dear to her memory, recalled, as it were, the representation of her revered parents, and she wandered over every apartment with a pleasure known only to those who have, by the renewal of acquaintance with some long estranged friend, found a void filled in their mind, which no object, however pleasing, could supply. Here she hoped to live and die, and mingle her dust with that of her ancestors, which had mouldered in the dust for many centuries: the faithful Anna, too, shewed her joy; for this spot was also endeared to her by the remembrance of many childish gambols.—

"Here, Madam," said she, pointing to the portal of the eastern gate, "you used daily to receive your little pensioners, while I stood by you loaded with cakes, fruits, and toys.—Here also flocked the aged peasants, to receive from your liberal purse the allotted sum, and hobbled gladly away, imploring blessings on your head. Ah! Madam, the prayers of the virtuous never fail. Who knows but in a little time all these good people's wishes may be fulfilled; and I may live to see you the happiest lady in the country!"

Adelaide smiled, but made no reply: tears of pleasure stood in her eyes, and she hastened away to conceal her emotion.

Almost insensible to the horrors of her situation, Ellinor was held upon the horse of the Chief, whose coarse and uncouth accents had thrown her into a state of stupidity. They traveled many miles at a furious rate, and, overcome with fatigue, Ellinor would have inevitably fallen by the way, had she not been too securely bound. It was to her a temporary satisfaction when they released her aching limbs from confinement, although still held by two men, who rudely dragged her, regardless of her weak state, from the horse into the entrance of a gloomy cavern. Fancying they were going to murder her, she raised a desperate outcry; but the ruffians with force and menaces silenced her, and led her in. Her apprehensions were not much abated when she beheld, seated at a large table, upon which were spread a profusion of viands, a savage looking man, who glanced upon her with an odious grin.

"Diego," said the Chief, "you are always provident. One would think you had foreseen the addition that was about to be made to our establishment."

"No, faith, not I," replied Diego: "but, luckily, three of our comrades were upon the scout, and happened to fall in with a caravan laden with provisions, of which you see they have

not scrupled to secure a share. But who is that pretty damsel you have brought with you? Egad! I thought there was nothing wanting to make our cave pleasant; but I foresee this will be no disagreeable acquisition."

"As to who she is," replied the other, "truly, I cannot say. The damsel seems to play off shy at present; but I trust we shall not long have that to complain of. Come, my girl, be seated."

Ellenor dared not disobey, but, trembling from head to foot, took her place next to the Commander, who kindly loaded her plate with the choicest morsels. They then pressed her to drink, which, to raise her sinking spirits, she complied with; but, unused to the taste of wine, and ignorant of its effects, she was not aware of the quantity she drank till the fumes of it entirely overcame her, and she sunk on the ground in a state of perfect inebriation.

The robbers had begun a dispute concerning whose property she was, which the situation she was then in prevented her hearing; and, surprised at her state, they conveyed her to a bed, where they left her while they returned to decide the debate. The motion of her removal, and the air she received by it, revived her from the transient stupor into which she had fallen; and, recollecting the situation she had been in, she felt greatly rejoiced to find herself alone, and fell upon her knees in gratitude for having been preserved from indignity.

She now heard the voices of the party loud in altercation, and presently the clashing of swords succeeded, and dismal groans convinced her that dreadful carnage was going forward. She started from her knees in terror, looking wildly round (expecting every moment the entrance of a robber) for a place of refuge; a large chest, which stood in the room, was all the means afforded her, and to her great satisfaction she found it open.

"I shall, perhaps, be safe here," said she, finding it empty.

As a last resource, she got in, and had scarcely closed the lid upon herself before two men entered, and, approaching the bed, uttered the most tremendous execrations at their prey having escaped them.

[To be continued.]

INDUSTRY.

IT having become fashionable for the FAIR of the Federal-City to grace the House of Representatives with their presence, the following singular instance of industry was noticed one day among them. Among the great number of ladies who attended to learn legislation, and improve themselves in the art of eloquence, so ornamental to the species, whilst seated without the bar of the House, was one actually engaged at her needle work, as if unwilling to lose a precious moment, which curiosity, or some more commendable motive, had fought to snatch from her wonted industry.

ECONOMY.

AT a time of general scarcity, the great Emperor Achar, went to visit the tomb of a Saint, buried at Cortub, near Delhi. On his return he alighted at a house on the road to rest himself. While conversing there with his Vizier, he perceived at his foot a grain of corn. The Monarch, whose mind was constantly occupied with the sufferings of his people, took it up, gave it to his Vizier, desiring him to sow it, and to render him an account every year of its produce. At the end of ten years it had so multiplied that, after making large distributions among the poor, the surplus, sold by order of the Emperor, was sufficient to defray the expence of building a Mosque. Achar erected it on the spot where he had found the grain of corn, wishing thus to render thanks to the goodness of the Omnipotent, and leave to posterity a monument of the fruits of industry and preferance.

ANECDOTES.

A LADY in France was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very impudently asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her, saying with a profound sigh, "Yet the alms I asked you for, would have prevented me from executing my present resolution." The lady was alarmed lest the man should commit some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back and gave him two livres, the sum he had begged, and asked him what he meant by what he had just said; "Madam," replied the fellow laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for these two livres I should have been obliged to work."

THE RUIN.

BRIGHT dawns the day---unclouded and serene,
Night's misty shadows from the plains retire;
The sunbeams, sparkling, gem the dewy green,
And gild the Castle's solitary spire.

Thus have I oft beheld the tranquil sky,
In days of joy now long since pass'd away;
When this lone Ruin rear'd its head on high,
And proudly brighten'd with the morning ray.

Then in its spacious halls the cheerful sound
Of merry labor oft was sportive heard;
There too was seen the dance's airy round,
And there the bowl its mantling blushes rear'd.

But now, alas! deserted and forlorn,
The rude wind whistles thro' the lonely hall:
Oft rock'd by tempests---oft by lightnings torn,
The ponderous Ruin totters to its fall.

The grand---the splendid ornaments which grac'd
This mouldering Pile---the strength it once could boast,
Exist no more: Its beauties are defac'd,
And scatter'd lie its honors in the dust.

The strong, the feeble have a common lot!
The lofty Tower upon the mountain brow
Alike must crumble with the lowly cot
Obscurely rising in the vale below.

Emblem of man! Tho' great, tho' rich and proud,
His power, his wealth, his titles cannot save;
He too must follow the promiscuous crowd,
And flamber with it in one common grave.
March 2nd, 1801.

ALCON.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE FALL.

COLD thro' the with'ring trees the autumnal wind
Sighs sad and cheerless, and the low'ring sky,
With dark and gloomy aspect, seems to mourn
Gay Summer's charms, which now in ruin lie.

How mournful now the lately smiling scene,
Where rich profusion deck'd the grove and field!
Now to the ruffian blast behold them bow,
And soon to Winter ev'ry charm will yield.

The sad similitude awakes my woe,
And mem'ry prompts the unavailing tear----
Just the short space allow'd to Summer's reign
My infant liv'd my dotting heart to cheer.

Oh! he was lovely as the morning beam,
When o'er the veil of night its radiance spreads;
Sweet as the rose, dismanicled of its thorn,
Or lilies bending o'er their native beds.

Health sat enthron'd upon his infant cheek,
And bright and beaming was his dark blue eye;
He smil'd---and oh! the rapture was too great,
I clasp'd my boy, nor thought the storm was nigh.

Ah! soon the lustre of his eye grew dim,
And from his cheek the blush of health retir'd;
Pale sickness triumph'd o'er each winning charm,
And ev'ry vein by fever's rage was fir'd.

And then---oh! then I watch'd his struggling breath,
The last faint sigh that from his bosom stole!---
He died---oh God! what anguish rack'd my breast,
What agonizing pangs o'erwhelm'd my soul!

The deep cold earth receiv'd his lifeless form,
Soon to the grave my heart's fond hope was giv'n;
But three short months he blest my circling arms,
Three little months, "whose retrospect is heaven."

Yet still the hope clings round my aching heart,
The anxious hope, which paints a future scene,
When life's dark veil is dropt, to meet my babe
Where death no more shall interpose between.

CLARA.

EPITAPH ON A COQUETTE.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a BUTTERFLY, gay in life's beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

STOP THE RUN-A-WAY.

WANDERED from the parlous of Parnassus, a youth who calls himself COXYDON. He was first smiling about a fortnight since, and as no intelligence has been received concerning him, it is supposed he has taken the lover's leap, in order to destroy himself. Should this prove to be a mistake, he may be known by the following description: His height is just five feet---nothing; his person rather thickly set; and although he has lately fished, and moaned so piteously, for the neglect and indifference of his ****, yet his countenance appears as cheerful and unconcerned, as if he were wholly at ease. His hands, when walking or sitting, are not stretched out to give energy and grace to eloquence, to imitate the gestures of Demosthenes, or Erskine, but are safely flowed away in the pockets of his pantaloon. It is not accurately ascertained what articles he took with him, but the following are missing, viz two half-finished elegies, sixteen sonnets, three parcels of long and sonorous epithets, made after the manner of Mrs Radcliffe; one common-place book, containing the smooth and flowing names of shepherdesses, and heroines of novels; thirteen strings of rhymes, containing twenty-five each, copied from Pope's translation of the Iliad; together with one case of passionate and over-flattered compliments to ladies, which, by the way, he had entirely committed to memory.

Whoever will take up said Run-a-way, and confine him, and burn all his quills and paper, so that in future he shall be unable to offend the delicacy of his female acquaintance; and in that way deprive him of the power, to

"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear,"
by writing Boquets, to satyize their characters, shall be entitled to the reward of a copy of all his verses, with an IMPARTIAL criticism upon them, written by himself,---and shall receive the thanks of
April 1, 1801.

BIRTHA.

AFFECTION OF A DOG.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, in a late publication, entitled, "Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic towards the close of the 18th century," relates the following story of a little barbet dog.

"At the battle of Castiglione, when the ranks of the Imperialists were broken, and the heat of the pursuit was in proportion to the obstinacy of the contest, Bonaparte coming up to the spot, where the thickest of the combat had taken place, where French and Austrians lay strewn in horrible profusion, perceived one living object amidst those piles of corpses, which was a little barbet dog. The faithful creature stood with his two fore-feet fixed on the breast of an Austrian officer; his long ears hung over his eyes, which were rivited on those of his dead master. The tumult seemed neither to distract the attention, or change the attitude of the mourner, absorbed by the object to which he clung. Bonaparte, struck with the piteous spectacle, stopped his horse, called his attendants around him, and pointed out the subject of his speculation. "The dog," says Bonaparte, "as if he had known my voice, removed his eyes from his master, and throwing them on me for a moment, resumed his former posture; but in that momentary look there was a mute eloquence beyond the power of language; it was reproach with all the poignancy of bitterness."---Bonaparte felt the appeal; he confirmed the up-braidings of the animal into a comprehensive demand of mercy; the sentiment was irresistible; it put to flight every harsh and hostile feeling.---Bonaparte gave orders to stop instantly the pursuit and carnage!

HISTORICAL SCRAP.

ALEXANDER the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? "I am searching," says Diogenes, "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, poison, or drown themselves.

There is no man so contemptible but in distress requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1861.

On Sunday last a most violent gale of wind from N. E. attended with rain, was experienced in this city and neighborhood. During the violence of the gale, the Essex Frigate drove from her moorings on shore at the Wallabout, but we believe has received little or no damage. Few vessels in the East and North Rivers escaped some trifling injury. An elegant new brick store on Walton's wharf, occupied by Minturn and Barker, containing 6000 bushels of Indian corn and 2000 bushels of Salt, together with a number of other articles fell down. The tide which rose rapidly to an uncommon height, filled a great number of cellars with water, and swept from the wharves great quantities of staves, lumber, &c. The amount of the damage sustained we have not been able to ascertain.

A daring and most villainous attempt, to rob and murder, was made on Sunday morning about 3 o'clock, at the house of Mr. Jacob Brower, Cartman and Grocer, upper end of Greenwich-street, near Lifpenard's. A black man named George Stewart, had entered the window by means of a ladder brought from an adjacent building; proceeded down the stairs, and got into the shop;—after taking down candles, sugar, &c. Mr. Brower awoke, and went in with a candle, where the man was working at the money drawer. Mr. Brower immediately put down the candle and struck him—a contest ensued, in which Mr. Brower was stabbed several times, and his arms and body cut in a shocking manner. By the time the people were alarmed the fellow had torn off the bolt of the back door, and escaped. Mr. Brower, naked and bloody, pursued him round the block, but did not again get hold of him. On Sunday a search warrant was procured, and the fellow found in his bed, his bloody knife in his pocket; he was committed, and will doubtless receive the punishment he merits. A number of new boots and silver spoons, &c. were found in his possession.

A bill recommending a Convention to revise and amend that part of the Constitution of this State, respecting the number of Representatives, has passed both houses. The delegates are to be chosen on the last Tuesday in August, and the convention is to meet at Albany in October next.

Capt. Watlington, arrived on Wednesday from St. Thomas, informs, that previous to his leaving that place, an American vessel arrived there from Martinique, the Captain of which informed, that a number of troops embarked from thence, supposed to be against St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas, or St. Croix. The Cork fleet has arrived there with 5000 troops, part of which composed the above expedition.

On the 18th ult. the Citizen Louis ANDRE PICHON was received by our Government as Charge des Affaires of the French Republic; and on the next day he received the President's exequatur as Commissary General of Commercial Relations for the French Republic.

The President of the U. States on the 26th issued his Exequatur to Citizen LLOYD, as Commissary of Commercial Relations for the French Republic, for the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, to reside at Philadelphia; and to Citizen OSTER, as Vice-Commissary of Commercial Relations for the French Republic, for the State of Virginia, to reside at Norfolk.

Orders were issued at the War-office at Washington on Wednesday the 25th, for the Herald sloop of War, now at Boston, to sail immediately, to call in the cruisers of the U. States on the West India station. All Letters of Marque granted against the French Republic, are null and void. [Balt. paper.]

Extract of a letter from Capt. Morris, of the U. States frigate New-York, to his friend in this city, dated Bassett's Roads, March 2d, 1861.

"A British man of war, has just arrived here from England, with orders for their ships to detain all Danish, and Russian vessels they may fall in with. In consequence three prizes were sent into this road yesterday.

"A very melancholy circumstance took place the day before yesterday, which has given me great unhappiness. Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON and Mr. WILLIAMSON, both shipmen of the New-York, had a dispute which they carefully concealed from me; and, in my absence, obtained

liberty to go ashore, with the determination of deciding the quarrel with pistols. They both fired together; poor Livingston was shot in the head, and expired in two hours afterwards. He was an open, brave, and generous man; and bade fair to make a valuable officer."

SUMMARY OF THE LATE INTELLIGENCE.

London Papers to the evening of March the 2d, inclusive, were received at this port, on Tuesday, by the ship Eliza, Captain Brown, in 24 days from Plymouth. They afford us the opportunity of informing our readers that a PEACE between France and the Emperor of Germany was concluded at Luneville on the 9th of February, the principal articles of which are, 1. The cession of the Netherlands to France, and the country of Falkenstein and the Frickthal. 2. Illyria, Dalmatia, the Venetian Islands in the Adriatic, and Venice are confirmed to the Emperor. The Bosphorus is given up to the Duke of Modena. 3. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is to give up Tuscany to the Infant Duke of Parma, and is to receive an indemnity in Germany. 4. The Emperor consents, for the German Empire, that France shall possess all the countries on the left bank of the Rhine, which formed part of the German Empire. 5. France gives up Dusseldorf, Ehrenbrieten, Philippsburgh, Cassel, Kehl, and old Bussac. 6. The German Princes, who have been dispossessed of territories on the left bank, are to be indemnified on the right. 7. Holland, Switzerland, Liguria, and the Cisalpine, are included in the treaty. 8. England is shut out from the ports of the Emperor of Germany. The treaty is to be ratified in 30 days from the time of its being signed.

The King of England is dangerously ill of a fever, contracted about the 18th of February. An official bulletin of the state of his health is published daily, by the two attendant physicians, to gratify the anxiety of the people respecting their Sovereign.

Mr. Pitt held the seals of his office on the second March. It was reported that he had been requested to deliver them up to the person named as his successor; but that he had absolutely refused, on the ground that the King's unhappy situation imposed a double duty on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to retain his situation, and he should not retire until his Majesty was in a capacity to receive his formal resignation, or until the Imperial Parliament had made legislative provision for any unfortunate exigency which might arise in the public affairs.

The Pretender (Louis XVIIIth) has incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Paul, and has been driven from Mitau. Our last accounts left him at Mermel, in the dominions of Prussia, from whence he intended returning to Edinburgh, on a pension of 200,000 roubles, which, notwithstanding the rupture, Paul consents to allow him.

A plan is said to be in agitation between Russia, Austria, and France, for dismembering the Turkish Empire in Europe.

Letters from Constantinople, dated the 1st January, say that the Sublime Porte has sequestered the property of the States of Barbary.

The French Government has recalled M. Otto from England, on account of the depredations committed by order of the British Ministry, on the French fishing smacks, contrary to the good faith, which had been previously pledged, that they should be suffered to carry on their occupation unmolested.

Our readers will be astonished to find that Bonaparte, whose business it has hitherto been to unmake Kings, has created one of the sons of the Spanish Monarch, King of the ci-devant Dukedom of Tuscany, as a reward for the fidelity with which his father had observed the treaties of offensive and defensive alliance which bound him to the Republic.

Flour in England is 190s sterling the sack. Partial disturbances have arisen in some parts of the country, from the high price of provisions and the wretched situation of the poor. [Mercantile adv.]

Mr. DUPONT

Presents his compliments to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and informs them, that his BALL is fixed for Tuesday Evening next, the 7th inst. at Lovett's Hotel, 69 Broad-way, when Miss DUPONT will perform several FANCY DANCES in the character of a Shepherdess.

Tickets at One Dollar each, to be had of Mr. Lovett. The Ball will open precisely at 7 o'clock, with a hornpipe by Miss DUPONT. April 4

TWO or three Apprentices wanted to a good business—Enquire No. 7 Beckman-Slip. Nov. 22.

COURT OF HYMEN.

LOVE's a sweet, a generous passion
That can ev'ry vice controul;
Round the globe in ev'ry nation,
Love does humanize the soul:
Love can soften savage nature,
And fine sentiment impart:
Love can brighten up each feature,
And with rapture fill the heart.

MARRIED.

At Portland, EDWARD PREBBLE, Esq. Captain of the U. S. Frigate Essex, to Miss MARIA DEERING.

By the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JAMES DUNLAP, Merchant, to Miss RACHEL BREVOORT, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. MELLARD CODINGTON, to Miss PHOEBE COOK, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. JOSEPH RIDGEWAY, to Miss MARY TELLER, both of this city.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning, very suddenly, in the 38th year of his age, Mr. ABRAHAM DE PEYSTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA's criticism, and the piece entitled "A Boquet for the Gentlemen," are inadmissible—BIRTHA has anticipated all they could offer on the subject. Several productions are under consideration.

LOTTERY.

Tickets in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No. 3, sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, the much admired COMEDY of

Abbé de l'Épée,
Or, The Dumb made Eloquent.

To which will be added, A Musical entertainment called,

The Captive of Spilburg.

WITH NEW SCENERY, &c.

Places in the Boxes, and Tickets as usual.

WALDRON'S MUSEUM,

NO 222 GREENWICH STREET,

Is again opened, after being shut for two months, during which time it has undergone considerable improvement; the building is enlarged, and rendered commodious; and the collection of pictures, paintings and birds has received a valuable addition. On Monday Evening next, April 6th, (being Easter evening,) the Museum will be elegantly illuminated, and a number of Transparencies displayed. The Museum is open all hours of the day, and in the evening—Admittance two shillings. An Electrical Machine, with all the apparatus for medical purposes, to which visitors may have free access. The proprietor acknowledges with gratitude the favors of a generous public, and solicits a continuance. April 4.

MORNING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

Will be opened on Monday 13th inst. at No. 10 Broad-Street. NATHANIEL MEAD.

New-York, April 4th 1861.

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School Books.

For sale at John Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

BIBLES and Testaments, Entick's Dictionary, Scott's Lessons on Elocution, Orator's Assistant, American Preceptor, Monitors, Art of Speaking, Columbian Orator, American Selections, Enfield's Speaker, Webster's and Dilworth's Spelling Books, Child's Instructor, Universal Spelling Book, Pike's, Fenning's, Fisher's and Dilworth's Arithmetics, Webster's and Ash's Grammars,

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO CORYDON.

WHO dares, with wild impetuous fire,
Touch the tender breathing lyre,
Bid soft strains harmonious roll,
And strike such music to the soul?
'Tis CORYDON that sweeps the strings,
And wild and beautifully sings
His artless ANNA's praise:
'Twas she inspir'd thy youthful song,
'Twas she, among the varied throng,
Thy bosom fill'd with hopeless love,
And caus'd thy sanguine breast to prove
The soft delights which lovers feel,
And thy warm passions to reveal
In all thy pensive lays. IPHIGENIA.

SENSIBILITY.

THE mind for vulgar pleasures form'd,
May Nature's better gifts despise;
The heart with finer feelings warm'd,
Will ever nobler passions prize.
For what can wealth or fame bestow,
When friendship or affection's fled;
What breast serenity can know,
By every lawless impulse led.
Not all that Hope's fond influence brings,
Nor all that length of life can lend,
Unless from purity it springs,
Can ever man's condition mend.
The sullen'd heart, the soul resign'd,
Superior happiness may taste;
But those to ruder joys inclin'd,
Have every tender thought eras'd.
Still shall felicity's fair train
Deal bliss to Virtue's self alone,
But where the wilder passions reign,
Nor bliss nor virtue can be known.
Oh! that forever may be mine
Those joys that humanize the heart!
That wake at Pity's plaintive strain,
And sympathy's soft tear impart.
Then shall the bosom learn to glow
With fond affection's liberal flame,
The heart that feels another's woe,
Let Sensibility proclaim.

SONG.

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
Preys on my sadden'd heart,
Think not I with a mean relief,
Or would from sorrow part:
Dearly I prize the sigh sincere,
That my true fondness prove;
Nor could I bear to check the tear
That flows from hopeless love.
Alas! though doom'd to hope in vain,
The joys that love requite!
Yet will I cherish all its pain,
With sad but dear delight;
This treasure'd grief, this lov'd despair,
My lot forever be
But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
Be ever known to thee.

EPIGRAM.

THE gay FLIRTILLA show'd her pictur'd bust,
And ask'd blunt SAMSO, if he tho't 'twere just?
"Ma'am," he replied, "in this 'tis much like you,
"The face is painted, and that badly too."

ANECDOTE.

EMPEROR PAUL, to prove his knowledge of Scripture, employed a singular expedient:—Without any cause or preliminary, he gave a gentleman a violent blow on the face with his hand, and said to the astonished sufferer:—
"This salutation by the hand of me PAUL."

MORALIST.

SENSIBLE objects, which were any way connected with an absent or departed friend, impress their ideas more forcibly on our minds, than bare reflections can: and then, like the pressure of the moon on the sea, they create a fullness of sorrow or tenderness, which can only be relieved by flowing from our eyes.

If people would but think a little in the temperate and rational way, upon many occasions in life, most of the murmurings and jealousies among friends, neighbors, and relations, would soon subside. A criminal under sentence, laments his fate without resentment against the jury who had condemned him to suffer, conformably to justice:—and shall men become more unreasonable, upon less severe trials?

ANECDOTE.

ALL mankind would make a figure. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet, perhaps, the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we were born; for why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther than his real well-being make it necessary?

Fuller, in his Holy State, relates an anecdote of an husbandman, who claimed kindred with Robert Groeththead, bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested from him an office.—"Cousin," said the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it:—if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one:—even feed to sow your land; but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you." The bishop thought it kinder (as it should seem) to serve him in his way than to take him out of his way.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

The subscribers and others, are respectfully informed, that by the last arrival, an assortment of the latest publications has been received and added to the library, for the benefit of the readers:—and among others.

Select Eulogies of Members of the French Academies, with Notes, by the late M. D'Alembert, translated by I. Allen M. D. containing among other Eulogies, that of Maffillon, Abbe de St. Pierre, Buffonnet, Boileau, Flecheire, Fleury, La Motte, &c. &c.

Constantia Neville; or the West-Indian, a Novel, 3 vols. by Helena Wells.

The History of Rinaldo Rinaldini, translated from the German. 3 vols.

Rimualdo, or the Castle of Badajos, a Romance, by W. H. Ireland, Author of the Abbess. &c. 4 vols.

Tales of the Abbey, founded on historical facts, by A. Kendall, author of Derwent Priory, Castle on the Rock, &c. To accommodate the readers, some more copies of Mordaunt, and Andrew Stuart, are also received.

Jan. 17

W. BARLAS

Shakspeare Gallery,

NEAR THE THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

THIS Exhibition consists of a great number of elegant and celebrated PRINTS, executed by the first artists in Europe, illustrative of the most interesting scenes in SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Also a variety of colored prints, issued monthly in London, under the title of the GALLERY OF FASHION, representing the Ladies Fashionable Dresses.

The Shakspeare Gallery also contains among several other valuable Paintings, a capital whole length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

large as life, as taken by the celebrated STEWART.

The proprietor has been at great expence in getting up this exhibition; and the approbation with which he has been honored by Ladies and Gentlemen of distinguished taste, justifies him in recommending it to public patronage.

The price of admission is put so low as ONE SHILLING, to encourage a frequency of visits; and, as an inducement to such repetition, the EXTRA Prints and Paintings are so varied as to furnish a constant succession of NOVELTY.

NB The Gallery is lighted every evening when fair weather.

March 21.

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January 17.

38 3m.

JAMES ALWAYS

Wishes to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James-Street, where may be had, Windsor Chairs of every description, both plain and fancy colors. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs, when re-painted, and he will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green or any fancy color, in the best manner, at a very low price.

February 26.

44 3m

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February 7.

41

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Feb. 7

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